The
COMMONWEAL

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What of the Future?

THINGS, as we write, are quieter at home, and the war goes well. At such a time we can and should reflect on the past and look to the future. For the future we hold not to be inevitable; to an extent it lies within our power. We cannot give it shape and form, but we can give it direction, in the sense that we can choose between the directions the present puts at our disposal. Thus the future makes demands upon us, and it is our duty to meet those demands.

An American radio commentator, fresh from London, recently made a brief report on public and official sentiment in England. He confirmed what others have said, and what even a cursory reading of the British press would tell you. There is throughout England a deep, a living feeling for Russia. Far more than here, and well nigh universal. It is shared by people of all shades of opinion—by Catholics, by conservatives, by labor, by capital. To be anti-Russian is to arouse deep personal resentment. This does not at all mean that the British are looking to become communists; it does mean that they are grateful, that they revere heroism, and that they see a peaceful future in an abiding friendship between themselves, Russia and the United States.

The same commentator also reports a resolve on the part of the government at all costs to foster Anglo-American friendship, and—what has not often been said before—a disposition on the part of our own Army and Navy to second this resolve. Officers, we were told, who don't get on well with the British are quickly weeded out and given other assignments.

Our commentator might have added a final factor to the equation. The English public—even its conservative elements—is sold on the general idea of the Beveridge plan.

THESE data add up to a possible direction for the future—a direction made possible by the fact that one great nation wants that sort of future, wants it enough to feel deeply and act about it. What is this future, as nearly as we can see it? On the international level it consists in a strong alliance between four great powers—ourselves, England, Russia, China—cemented by the desire of all four to cultivate their own backyards in peace and free of the threat of bombs and destruction. Internally it means doing once again what England has historically always done—absorbing good from new things while preserving the shape of her own institutions.

For it would be crass folly to assume that nazism and fascism are *totally* wicked phenomena, forced by evil men on unwilling or perverse peoples. Their *principles* are bad. Their erection of the State (or the Race) into a god, their exaltation of force, their denial of principle above the State, and hence above expediency—all these things are vicious. But they came into being in answer to a need, a deep, human need for security. It is all very well that George Sokolsky tells us real he-men don't want or need security. Security undermines your stamina, makes you weak. The fact is that human life is lived in a tension between security and risk. *Both* are necessary to social life. Finance capitalism and the industrial revolution, forgetting man's nature and dignity, have glorified risk to the point where most men had no security, and could see none in the offing without revolutionary change. Hence our generation's primary need has been security. And hence in the countries where life was too insecure, revolutions, no matter how bad in principle, were acceptable to the people. And the Beveridge plan—like some of our own New Deal ventures—is an attempt to supply security without a social revolution, without sacrificing other (and higher) values.

ENGLAND seems to have formulated a future she wants. Russia remains somewhat an unknown quantity. China talks in language much the same as England—with the proviso that she will tol-

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erate no imperialism. What are we—we, the United States—up to?

There is no sign that America has made up her mind. Our political temper has always been even more empiric than England's, our principle is not ever to cross bridges until we get to them. But clearly our future—which affects, of course, the world's future—has two possible directions. We can, in our own way, move along a path similar to that the English hope for. A path of alliances for peace (security) externally, coupled with internal change aimed at security (peace). Or we can pull back into our shell, scream "America for the Americans," and move away from "socialistic experiments" and "pampering" and "cradle-to-grave paternalism." Both paths have their barkers. But what we must clearly realize is that only these paths are open to us; that other paths may seem prettier, but are mirages, and to follow them is to find that we have *unconsciously* chosen between the two paths which alone are viable.

TWO THINGS are implied in what has just been said. One is that any hope for a world federation of nations, such as that entertained by many men before the war broke out and during its early months, has been rendered futile by events. One of the most obvious phenomena of our day is the great impetus the war has given to nationalism. All signs indicate that when it is over, we shall have a congeries of nations even less willing to limit their sovereignty than they have been in the past. Of course this strong feeling may die down, but probably not for a generation at least. And it is a natural feeling, springing from the nazi and Japanese attempt to destroy sovereignties by force (as distinguished from the "democratic" hope to limit sovereignties by persuasion and consent).

The other implication is that isolationism inevitably carries with it a socially reactionary internal policy. One may wonder how any such coupling can be assumed. Here again the psychological answer seems simple, though it is not often pointed out. Isolationism is generally prompted by a desire to hang on to economic advantage for one's own people at the expense of other peoples; opposition to social progress is generally prompted by a similar desire to hang on to one's own advantage at the expense of one's fellow citizens. And hence there is a profound linkage between the two policies.

THIS, then, is the issue, and whatever choice the American people makes will be squarely its own choice—not the choice of some foreign power. Our duty to the future requires that we make it knowingly and in accord with our consciences.

Rome

THERE are the marshaling yards of some railroad in some desert; there are Catholic workmen there, and for these workmen a priest says Mass in a broken down box car. The box car is Cologne Cathedral, the box car is San Lorenzo fuori le mura. The priest in the prison camp in Germany says Mass and he stands at the tomb of Christ. The Chinese priest says Mass in China and he stands in Jerusalem, he comes to the Canon of the Mass and he stands in the catacombs, he kneels at the Elevation and he is kneeling in Saint Peter's in Rome. It does not matter what kind of a building he is in, in what kind of a country: it is all the same everywhere. Always.

That is, of course, what Catholics believe. If in a war you have to bomb the railroads that carry enemy troops, if you have to shell a port in order to reduce it and if as a result churches are destroyed, a Catholic will not say that if the church is a basement church in a modern suburb it's all right, it does not matter, but that if it is a cathedral church it is sacrilege. He will not say that a church in England does not matter—or a church in Cologne or a church in Naples or a church in Poland or an Orthodox church in Russia—but that a church in Rome does matter. He can make no distinction. To precisely the extent his faith is strong and informed he will make no distinction between the bombing of Rome and that of the most miserable Calabrian village, that of the industrial city in the Ruhr, that of the English town. To precisely the extent his faith is pure he will not distinguish between the civilian dead in London, in Berlin, in Rome.

That is why there is something disturbing in the fact that the announcements which have accompanied the bombing of Rome have so distinguished Rome from all other cities. The announcements, and the President's message to the Pope, have a look of saying we are going to be careful this time, we are going to take tremendous technical precautions about Rome because we realize what Catholics think about Rome. It does not matter so much what may happen elsewhere; naturally we do not want to hit churches anywhere but of course it's bound to happen and Catholics will not mind so much about what happens elsewhere so long as we are tremendously scrupulous and careful about what happens in Rome. The announcements embarrass Catholics.

The announcements embarrass Catholics because they make it look as if Catholics would accept anything so long as certain buildings in a certain city were respected. They make it look as if Catholics could be counted on to be silent when civilians accidentally die as a result of bombing when these civilians were Germans, Japanese, Frenchmen in occupied France, Italians in Naples,

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in Genoa, but could not be counted on to be silent when these civilians were Italians in Rome. They make it look as if Catholics thought there must be one justice for Rome and another justice for all other cities in the world. They make it look as if Catholics were serious about the war, convinced as to the need of winning the war, but that for them there was a zone where the war could not be fought.

For Catholics there is indeed such a zone into which no hatred, no violence, no destruction can intrude; it is the zone of their faith, but that zone is not marked out, not bounded by any walls. That zone is not the city of Rome.

Century after century Catholics have filled the graveyards with the bones of their saints and then there would be dust and an inscription and then the inscription would be lost or misread. Century after century they have built churches and then the churches with the cities have fallen into ruin. In fragile granite, in perishable marble they have built lovingly and for a moment these temporary shelters. They have seen them fall; they are used to seeing them fall; Catholics have seen Rome deserted, in ruins: they could see Rome in ruins once more, a desert once again, and their faith would be unbroken, the inviolable zone of their faith untouched.

Their bitter grief would be a human grief; their grief would be immense. A home burns down with the marriage certificate, the letters, the family portraits, the Abalone shells brought back from the trip to San Francisco, and the family stands there looking at the ruins. It would be like that. It would be as if it were hard to think of starting all over. It would be as if too much had been lost. If Rome were in ruins once more it would be as if the earth were denuded; it would be as if all the earth were like a lonely hill in Palestine. For a Catholic nothing would be lost except those things which can be lost, those things which in time are always lost, nothing would be lost except all the pitiful human signs they had raised in one city in the honor of God, except all the tender and human memories which were left in one city by the martyrs, except all which had come to make that one city a place to which Catholics could travel to from all over the world and feel at home.

Catholics therefore can stand the bombing of the marshaling yards in Rome. In the measure that they have the faith of Peter they can stand the threat to Peter's tomb. In the measure that they cannot escape being concerned with history they share the world's anxiety and sadness at seeing the peril threatening the city which links our world to the past. Civilization can afford to throw away just so much and no more. Of this anxiety the announcements of the bombing of Rome had little, most regrettably, to say.

Report from Detroit

By FRANCIS DOWNING

THERE WILL be no grand jury investigation of the race riots in Detroit. The present feeling seems to be one of quiet relief, and a feeling that if we only stop thinking and talking about it we will not be troubled further. The whole thing actually took place, but it was a nightmare. Many people in power choose to do a Doctor Johnson in reverse. They don't—as he did—kick the rock to prove its existence; they just close their eyes and proceed on the theory that the rock isn't there any more. This is an old trick—and someone is going to point out that the emperor hasn't got any clothes on.

As I write, the Governor is explaining why the troops didn't come into Detroit sooner than they did. The Sixth Service Command is claiming credit for putting down the riots. The Mayor has issued a long explanation—promising that it won't happen again. The Commissioner of Police has also written a long report.

But the realists are not sure. And they regard all the explanations as defenses of the past and discover that they have little, if any, relevancy to the future. For municipal determination to learn the correct legal technique of asking for federal troops is hardly likely to have much bearing on future outbreaks.

That Detroit was badly prepared for such an occurrence is clear. That the effective means of discipline by which government maintains its existence had broken down is equally clear. And to rectify these factors of governing is necessary. But to do that is to deal only in the superficies of things. It is the business of government not merely to maintain peace; it has an obligation—if only to itself—to dissolve the factors that lead to the disturbance of that peace.

The causes of the riots here in Detroit are, as are the causes of most things, mixed and manifold. It does not seem to be true, for example, that they rested for leverage or origin on Axis inspiration. That they were not unconnected with what has been called "home grown fascists" seems to be indisputable. It is known that the Ku Klux Klan has been enjoying a notorious renascence here in this city. Among other things Albert Deutsch's articles in *PM* have proved that. That organization—whose history and financial operations, by the way, have just been cut open by Gustavus Myers in his "History of Bigotry"—has never been quite dead in Detroit. And although it seems publicly to have closed its doors, there is no reason to suppose that it is not running as a "blind pig" in some foul and hate-stenched alley. Like Frederick Barbarossa it lives for its peculiar followers. Nothing leads me to suppose that there will not

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always be people willing to pay it the tribute of their money, their ignorance and their folly. Yet the fact is that there is no evidence that the Klan incited the riot.

But things like these riots run deeper, and to eradicate peculiar organizations is not to end the visceral character of their origin. Nor is it to end the basic economic insecurity and fear that make men hate one another and stain the civil streets with blood. Many things can be said about the riots, but this much is securely true: already workers are haunted by the apocalyptic ghost of post-war unemployment. They are afraid that while they may lose their jobs others, whom they have been taught to regard as inferior, will take them. "Keep them in their place." "They know how to handle them down South." Everywhere one goes—on trains, on buses, on streetcars—one hears these ominous words. One has been hearing them for a long time. Nor has their echo died. But they do not verbalize—these words—a race hatred. They are visceral rationalizations of economic insecurity. Nothing so proves this as does the knowledge of the flaring resentment against the upgrading of Negro workers in our war plants.

Those who recall—historically, I mean—the draft riots run in New York City by the Irish in 1863, are familiar with this phenomenon. To fail to take into consideration this aspect of the riots in Detroit is, in my opinion, to fail to go to the heart of things. How to exorcize this ghost, how to eliminate this fear of post-war unemployment, how to dissolve this kind of fear is, naturally, something that I do not know anything about. But this I know: post-war planning that proceeds uncognizant of this is erecting a tower of Babel against the unattainable sky.

Then, of course, there is the business of housing. That, by way of complete honesty, is not a problem faced by the Negro alone. The fact is that there are simply not enough houses for all the additional people that war industry has brought to Detroit. The result is that the tensions incident to the sudden and close fusion of hitherto separated peoples has been increased. And until the housing situation is relieved, these tensions are likely to remain. Present schedules can take care of only 20,000 of the 46,000 families that have come to Detroit since the first of January. That is a statistic, and one has to live here, and to see conditions startling his own eyes before statistics are fleshed with life. But it will do, for the moment, to give the figure. It is not so stripped of meaning that you are unable to discover and construe its implications for yourself.

Recreational facilities are so bad here that they have hardly a nominal existence. The "latch key kids" that I read about in the New York papers are not exclusive to that city. And it was not an accident that teen-agers were participating in the riots.

Transportation is a factor. Even in New York people do not stand in single file for blocks to get on a bus. But they do in Detroit. In fact in Detroit one stands for almost everything. One stands and waits. If Harry James comes to the Paramount in New York, we know how difficult it is to get in. Or if there is an unusual picture at Radio City. Harry James does not need to come here. Nor do we require an unusual picture. A grade C picture, any band—the result is the same. You remember how you line up to get into Radio City; how you move along and, after what seems a week, reach the ticket office. Then you slowly wind into the theater and up one flight of stairs. Then you suddenly realize that you have to wind up another flight of stairs. And when you get there, the chances are you and your girl shall have to see the picture separately. That is the kind of thing you and your girl do almost any night in the week in Detroit. And if you have taken her to a cafeteria for dinner before you go to the movies, the pair of you have stood in line to get into the cafeteria.

Needless to say you don't get a seat on a bus or a streetcar. And no one here seems to have the answer to why we are without a subway. Or if they know the answer, they do not regard me as old enough to be told. And people who work in the plants outside of Detroit—Willow Run, for example—many of them are living in trailer camps, in tents and in houses that scare you even to look at—much less raise a baby in.

Everybody has read, I take it, of homeowners like the people in Grosse Pointe, who refuse to open their houses to workers.

These are some of the reasons that constitute the background of tensions which spilled over into riot—into pillage and brutality and murder.

These are some of the reasons that there was martial law in Detroit. These are some of the reasons why a bus I rode home in on the Monday of the riots (they broke out on Sunday) had most of its windows smashed. And why the windshield looked like a collection of icicles. And why the floor was covered with splinters of broken glass. And why women clung with frozen fingers to the seat guards. And why the driver told us to duck as we went through one district. And why, as we rode through, little knots of men and women and teen-agers were gathered together with sticks and stones in their hands. But they did not throw them on that trip—or I might not be writing this.

And these are some of the reasons why I saw soldiers camping on the grass of our little public parks, or on the lawn of our public library. And why I saw soldiers ride the town in jeeps. And why the soldiers carried guns. And why their

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bayonets were naked and shining in the noon-day sun. And why bars were closed. And the movie houses. And there was a curfew. I used to teach school, as they say. I used to teach history. And I talked about martial law. But I never knew what it was before. I know now. I do not want any more detailed knowledge on the subject.

But unless I am to get more knowledge, many things must be done. Places for people to live must be built. Places for people to play in must be increased. Detroit must cease trying to transport an increased war population with the services of a small New England town. Detroit must be made more than a place to work in. It must be made a place where men and women can live. And the whole basis of our emotional attitudes must change. But to talk about tolerance and education is to talk nonsense. Education and tolerance come, if they come, after the body has been cared for and the tension of the mind relieved.

Of course it is barely possible that the riots have humbled us—and that they shall not be repeated. They may have lowered the temperature, like a lightning storm. But that would be a foolish kind of belief to indulge. For all the factors that led to them are still here. Despite some of our alleged philosophers, there are still causes for things. And results are still their fruits.

In Torment and in Hope

The background of French events

An American:

YOU have to go back to the armistice but I think you have to go back further, to Dunkirk. There is a time when you plan to do something. It may be that you are planning to do something very difficult. The French and the British were planning a very difficult war against Germany. The British were planning the very difficult task of putting a strong army onto the continent. The French were planning how to go through another war against Germany. And then there is a time when everything gets out of control. None of the plans you have made are any good any more. All that you have planned to do is meaningless. All the determination that was centered on a certain plan, all the impetus and the will that was linked to a certain plan is broken when the plan is broken. You have to find a new plan and a new determination—a new courage that will be linked to a new plan. You have to start all over again, weigh everything all over again.

The Guards and the French who covered the evacuation of Dunkirk fought with immense gallantry which was linked to the plan that came to an end when the evacuation of Dunkirk was completed. At Dunkirk all the plans which had gone into a war were finished. A war was finished. There would be a new war or there would not be a new war. What took place in France was not a new war: it was the old war, lasting a few more weeks. The French were unable to find a new plan to turn the old war into a new war. No people placed as the French were placed would have been able to do anything else but hold out for a few weeks against the evidence that they had been defeated. After Dunkirk the war on the continent was lost. The only question that remained to be decided was would there be another war.

For the British, Churchill decided there would be another war. His decision was possible because of British courage and because of his own courage; it was possible because of the resources of the British Empire and those of the United States. His decision was possible because the Channel lay between the British and enemy forces. Churchill did not have to decide whether or not to go to Algiers. The men from Dunkirk had gone to Algiers. Churchill was outside of Europe. He made his brave decision to fight a new war, to make a new plan, to fight from without Europe against the German forces in Europe.

But the French were not outside Europe. The French had to decide whether or not to withdraw from Europe in order to fight their way back to France, back to Europe. There was no space between them and the enemy. There was no time for them to meditate, to form a new plan. They were caught in the breakdown of the old plan and there was no way for them to get outside that plan, to say we will call off that plan, we will make a new one. The Government and the Generals thought of going to Algiers, but they could not escape from the old plan, which had never envisaged anything but the movements of armies behind the Maginot Line, the movements of French, Belgian and British armies on the left of that line; which had seen victory or defeat as a result of what might occur on a traditionally de-

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fined Franco-German front. They could not escape from the fact that the war on that front was lost. They could not escape to Africa without leaving France behind in defeat. They saw the war in France because that was the way they had always thought of the war. They had always thought of a war in France. They were not accustomed to thinking of a French war against Germany which would be waged from outside France, from outside Europe. Such a war—which after Dunkirk became the only possible war—had never been part of their plan. They were irremediably held close to their plan and they followed it to its logical conclusion: defeat and the Armistice.

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It took a man who had never liked the plan anyway to refuse its consequences. De Gaulle who had never felt himself engaged in the plan was free of the plan. He could turn to a new plan, he could turn to a new war. But he was not the French Government, he was not the French General Staff, he was not the French infantry scattered all over France, he was not the French prisoners on their way to German prison camps, he was not the French civilians with their hearts broken and the plan they had believed in destroyed. He would come to represent the hope and desire of innumerable Frenchmen later. Thus he was free to go to London, he had a plane in which to fly to London: they were not free to go anywhere. Materially or morally. He was free to break with military discipline and later his insubordination would be ratified by the French people, but the French private obeyed the French corporal, the French private behaved as soldiers are taught to behave, the French generals behaved as generals are taught to behave—they obeyed the civilian government. They also influenced the decision of the civilian government because it was for them, finally, to say whether or not the war was lost and they looked at their plans, they looked for their divisions, they saw that their plans were shattered, they telephoned to their divisions and the lines were cut, and they said the war is lost indeed, indeed.

Well, that was water over the dam. France was defeated. What happened then? Britain prepared a new plan, fought a new war. Russia was brought into the new war. The United States were brought into the new war. There was a new war, an entirely new war, a war not centered on the line which divides France from Germany, a war fought on a variety of fronts.

A defeated France was not in this new war. The French people who thought that when they had lost the war that was the end of the war looked out at the world and saw that the world was fighting a new war. What did they think, how did they act? They thought and acted in diverse ways as men will who are faced with a new situation.

Pétain did not look at the world at all. He never lifted his eyes from the only picture he had ever known, that of France and Germany. He looked at a victorious Germany and at a conquered France. To Germany he would yield what he had to yield and he would insist that France and her empire made one unit and that all Frenchmen everywhere must yield to Germany whatever was necessary. He would decide what was necessary. In order to get better terms he hoped that England also would yield. To him de Gaulle was simply an insubordinate officer who made his task more difficult. He looked at a conquered France and said this is a time for great penitence and also a magnificent, heaven-sent time for reform. It is completely unnecessary to discuss once again the character of the reforms he wished to enforce. They were not particularly or specifically fascist, because they were in no way dynamic. They were very uninteresting; they demanded obedience to authority, a simple-minded acceptance of the commonplaces of authoritarianism; could they conceivably ever have been successful, they would have made an unrecognizable France and deadened the spirit of the French.

When defeat comes to a nation the régime which accepts defeat is always of questionable legitimacy. There is always a breakdown of the people's will. Thus Pétain's régime was questionably legitimate yet, in fact, there could be no legitimacy elsewhere. That is why the Army, the Navy, the great public administrations and a majority of the French people accepted Pétain's government as the government of France. (And that is why now that defeat in France, the acceptance of defeat, has been defeated, Pétain's government no longer is acknowledged by the people of France. That is why there is no present legitimacy in France.)

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Laval cared nothing for Pétain's reforms or for his moralism. Laval actually accepted the German conception of a new European order. The only future he saw for France was a future within that order. His was a tenable intellectual concept and the only people in France to give him their support were indeed intellectuals. These people were tired of seeing France the continental bridgehead for Great Britain and the United States. They thought the position of being a bastion for Germany a preferable position. They left out the word Germany and used the word Europe. They saw in the future a European unit with wars abolished within the limits of Europe. This European unit would be strong enough to deal with the outside world on terms of some equality. France was ruined anyway; there were

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not enough Frenchmen anyway; the only thing to do was to accept Germany supremacy in Europe. This plan was a transposition in terms of power and despair of previous and generous plans for a federalized Europe. It was supported also and of course by a certain section of big business and heavy industry, for in these entirely internationally minded circles the real horror was never the nation's defeat but always the Popular Front, communism, inefficiency, the loss of money. These people would turn to any solution which might promise to guarantee their holdings. When it became apparent to them that the Germans did not mean to play fair, they sent emissaries to de Gaulle and with far more fervor and confidence, later, they hurried into the arms of the United States, viewed by them and with some reason as a defender of traditional business ethics.

I do not think it worth while to discuss the thug Doriot. The fascist Déat. Laval could have been dangerous had he been able to convince the French people, but the Germans made it impossible for the French to be convinced by Laval of anything that might seem in any way tolerable. The Germans talked of a new order and made it impossible for anyone in any of the conquered countries to be taken seriously by his compatriots when he urged them to accept the new order. All they had to do was to look at it. The Germans made it impossible for Laval to do his work. Yet it was Laval's plan and not Pétain's which would have been the only plan possible for France had Germany won the war. For Pétain planned an impossible France in a dream world.

As the new war progressed, as the United Nations advanced, these names, Pétain, Laval, diminished in importance. They are now of no importance at all. As the war progressed what became important was the knowledge which spread through the people of France, the nameless people in France, that there was a new war going on against Germany. What became of supreme importance was that the people of France desired above all things to be present in this war, desired above all things that this war should succeed. The French Government, the French generals had despaired when they lost the war which ended at Dunkirk. They accepted defeat. The French people had been also in despair but since they were not consulted about accepting defeat they never incurred the responsibility of accepting defeat. They never signed their names to defeat. They were not held in honor to ratify defeat. When it became humanly possible to hope again, they were free to hope. They were free to place their hopes in the outcome of this new war. They did so. And then they thought naturally and inevitably of those impatient and unreasonable Frenchmen who had fought in this new war against all evidence from the day of Dunkirk, from the day of the armistice. They thought of those enthusiastic and impatient Frenchmen who had been unwilling to await the slow evolution of the new war, who had said that the old war was good enough for them and that it had not been lost, who broke away from a régime which admitted defeat, who tore up all the signed documents which admitted defeat, who inside and outside of France lived in illegal hope and who acted illegally to further that hope. They thought of the hostages. They thought of Gaullism.

It was impossible for them not to think of Gaullism for it was not only General de Gaulle who claimed to represent all Frenchmen who persisted in the first war, who refused to make any distinction between the first war and the new war, it was the Germans themselves and the Vichy police who called Gaullists all those—communists, members of the Jockey Club, trade unionists—who resisted them. The Frenchman admitting hope to his heart could not but identify that hope with the Gaullist movement.

But there was this. There was the illegality of the movement, the extreme heroism of the movement. The postman who admitted new hope in his heart could only be a hero in the sense that the anonymous infantryman taking orders and fighting is a hero. The common man in France who knew now that there was a new war wanted to be in that war as he was in the last. He knew it was impossible, but what he would have liked would have been to be conscripted for the new war as he had been for the other one. And the common soldier who had obeyed orders when he had lain down his arms at the Armistice wanted now to receive orders to take them up again. The country wanted now to act as a country. The people who had accepted Pétain believing in defeat, now that they no longer believed in defeat, would have liked to have heard Pétain say the defeat business is off, the penitential business is off, France is in the war again. To arms. They knew this was not possible. But they withdrew the acceptance they had granted Pétain. They destroyed the legality of the Pétain régime. They freed the Army and the Navy from their oath of fidelity to Pétain. The army in Africa was free to fight again. The army in France was powerless. The common people of France turned to the army in Africa. There was a French army fighting again and that army, in Tunisia, suffered heavy losses.

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The French people thought of Gaullism and everyone who would have liked to have been a hero wished that he had been a Gaullist from the start, but not everyone can be a hero. Except in the sense that the conscripted soldier is a hero. The French people who had been trying to feed

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their families, who had continued to work in the factories so that their families could eat, the people who had tried to keep a shop going, who had continued to teach school, who had continued to serve in the civil administrations thought of the Gaullists and these were the heroes which France had produced in her distress. But they thought of the army in Africa, they thought of the soldiers in Syria who had obeyed orders simply because they were orders and they said it is in Africa that the ordinary Frenchman who has lost heart and has regained heart can now unite with the heroes who never lost heart. It is in Africa that France can become a country again with the heroes given all the immense credit which is due them, but with the men of less faith not rejected, with the men who waited for the evidence that the new war could be successful and then who joined in that war, not excluded. There in Africa, the people thought in France, all of us can come together as we will be together again afterward at home. We know that the business men are there already, and heaven help us, we don't know how to get rid of them, and there are not a few of us who do not want to get rid of them. There were a lot of business men killed in the war. We can argue about that later. We know that the officers and men who remained obedient to Pétain naturally will be embarrassed when they meet de Larminat and the others. We know that they will fight against the Germans. We do not want them humiliated. There is a conception of duty and there is a conception which permits the breaking of orders: there is a patriotism which transcends orders and military discipline. But it is a dangerous conception to follow. You can break a rule but the rule remains. We do not want Gaullist soldiers to consider themselves the only French soldiers. We do not want Gaullists in general to consider themselves the only authorized French citizens.

The unity of the French people against the Germans, their union in the desire for freedom, was never broken. Only, for a while, there were the Gaullists alone who spoke. The Gaullists have earned a certain primacy. The French people will measure their reward. The French people will punish the traitors—they are very few—the French people will reward the heroes—they are very many. They are very many in France and only the French people in France know who they are. It will be for the French to decide what to call them. Perhaps Charles de Gaulle will have earned the right to be called a Gaullist, if that is the name the French decide to keep for the heroes who died as hostages, for the heroes who died in Africa and on the seas before France came into the new war. Perhaps the men who fought against Germany and who never admitted that the old war was lost will be called Frenchmen simply. Perhaps that would be better in the new France which will find freedom through the new war. So that the men of the regular army who will die for France before this new war is concluded will have the right to be honored for their sacrifice without being given a name of glory which belongs to an earlier period. It is for the French people to decide. In due time. Freely.

C. G. PAULDING.

A Frenchman:

HOW can I speak of France without speaking first of all the people of France, the suffering and unyielding core of the nation? The people of France is not that shapeless and depersonalized multitude which the totalitarians call "people," perverting this word as well as the other words of the human language. The people of France, formed by centuries of civilization, is really a people, a community of human persons gathered together for the common human tasks, bound by a common consciousness of the meaning of life, by a common capital of inherited wisdom, and by the human feelings which foster in everyone a personal effort of reason and freedom.

After the stupefying blow of the Armistice and the capitulation, the people of France have silently gathered together their inner strength and their indignation. The plain people have foiled the tricks of the German new order and kept the honor of their country and fought the oppressor more courageously than many a politician or an industrialist or high official. In each village and town, those unknown citizens who form the working and thinking network of the nation have been stubbornly and intelligently laboring against the enemy.

Underground movements have spread over all the territory, clandestine papers have started in increasing numbers—and are still being published, even now when the entire country is under the heel of the nazis. Christian youth and labor organizations have been united in these heroic undertakings, and in a new grouping of French forces. Every day we learn of the murder, imprisonment or deportation of noble scholars and intellectuals. And how many men, among the workers, have been executed for sabotaging German trains or German production! The working class unanimously opposed the slave labor and deportation enforced by Laval, delaying the German scheme for several months. Trains loaded with workers who could not escape compulsory measures were stopped by crowds of indignant women. Now France is entirely subjected to her enemy, the condition of the people has become utterly tragic. But they continue their obscure effort, enveloping in horror and detestation the nazi oppressor and Laval's shameful tyranny.

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Special tribute must be paid to the splendid testimony of human fellowship and neighborly love given by the plain people of France during three years of unprecedented ordeal. All the refugees, all the escaped prisoners we have met have told us that they were saved by the boundless devotion of French families, which for the most part had never previously known them. When thousands of foreign and naturalized Jews were mercilessly hunted in the streets, the houses, the hospitals, in order to be sent to the Germans and to a deadly fate, peasants and city-dwellers took every risk in order to hide in their homes and facilitate the escape of all those they were able to snatch from the police force. The people of France have borne in their arms the tortured humanity of France.

★

For the first time after the assumption of power by the Vichy government, the anniversary of Bastille Day, symbol of the French people's political freedom, was celebrated this year at the request of a French administration established on French soil (the three departments of Algeria) and entrusted with the destiny of all free or liberated parts of the French territory and Empire.

No fourteenth of July will have been fuller of hope and of torment for the French people than this fourteenth of July, 1943. The last perhaps, the last anniversary of freedom passed in oppression and abandonment! But an anniversary of freedom passed in what an abyss of oppression, in the midst of what distress and torture!

Gentle France, France of clear reason, you who for centuries have known the grandeur of the spirit, have trusted man and the undertakings of generosity, have enjoyed the taste of life and the achievements of beauty, today we have become aware of the bloody background of hardship and pain on which your cheerful humanism has been built. You loved peace and peaceful work and now you are crushed by the basest enemy. You spent your time airing the problems of justice and humanity and mercilessly examining your own men and ideas. You were so deeply rooted in Christianity, your atmosphere, your soil, your villages were so imbued with the odor of Christendom, that you imprudently believed it advisable to struggle against yourself and scattered your heritage to the four corners of the world, hiding your virtues and your saints, exhibiting your weaknesses, your politicians and your self-vaunted cynics, and allowing your own Pharisees to indict with the accusation of moral decay a people whose faults and wandering steps are more Christian than the dead façade of morality of its accusers. And now your very accusers have become your treacherous rulers, and you are trampled down, plundered and murdered by the Beast which has risen up against reason and Christianity. The nazis have been unable to steal the soul of France. But they have taught France to hate. Frenchmen are terribly resolute, in a state of almost unbearable tension. Today there is no longer gentle France, but embittered and angered, blood-stained and tough, earnestly thoughtful and hopeful France.

The history of France is full of mysterious disasters and mysterious resurrections. For a century and a half France has suffered more than any nation from the ambiguity of modern progress. The very anniversary of the *prise de la Bastille* reminds Frenchmen both of that flame of freedom and hope which the French Revolution gloriously spread over the world, and of the cruel misunderstanding that has since divided French consciousness, torn between its Christian tradition, too often confused with reactionary politics, and its revolutionary tradition, too often confused with a destructive philosophy of life. Yet this cleavage was unable to destroy the root communion of the nation. On the eve of the present war, the reconciliation of the two antagonistic traditions was well under way in those Frenchmen who were faithful to the vocation of their country. But other Frenchmen had already made their choice against this very vocation. What the vocation of France strives to reach, all through the storms of history, what France has known during an admirable sequence of centuries, even after the great crises of the war of religion, the Revolution, or the first world war, what she had lost in the few years of atrocious division which preceded the present war and prepared the disaster, what she must now find again in a better and renewed form, is both and indivisibly communion and freedom, communion in freedom.

Today the road to this goal is a road of agony. France has been thrown into a gulf of physical woe: murder of hostages (fifty thousand), persecution unleashed against all good citizens, prisons, concentration camps, the flower of French manhood and youth prisoners of war (one million) or condemned to slave labor (two million) in Germany; thousands of children dead from hunger, an entire generation fated to physiological destitution, ten million men and women condemned to slow death by starvation, if some remedy from abroad is not promptly secured.

We must deplore at this point that the blockade policy has not been understood in a more revolutionary manner, as a means both of striking the foe and helping the oppressed people. As a matter of fact, the German population is suffering less fatally than the populations of the oppressed nations; and if the war were to last some years more, if food were not sent under the control of the Red Cross or the Quakers, nazi savagery, even militarily vanquished, might possibly dream

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of some horrible demographic victory over a Europe covered with millions of half-living bodies and biologically decaying nations. Be it added that many starving individuals who are becoming definitely incurable could be saved if they received a normal ration only once a month.[1]

But the worst ordeal for the French people is the moral ordeal: being oppressed not only by ferocious conquerors, but by sorry Frenchmen; being headed by men who have tried, or consented, to give France up to the New Order of the victorious nazis, and who are now the tool of the same nazis threatened with defeat. The Vichy régime, sheltered under the fatal ambiguity of the old Marshal's rôle and figure, has created the most dreadful schism ever seen in French history. There is no hope for unity in the French people, for the accomplishment, in their political life, of that communion which exists now in the hearts of all those who are resisting the enemy, until the responsible men and the ideology of this régime have been eliminated.

Justice is needed, as well as love and generosity, in order to spare France the plague of a swarm of vengeful hatreds. According to Horace Walpole's sentence as quoted by George Shuster in a recent and remarkable article,[2] "to know at once how to conquer and to pardon" will be a matter of public emergency. Let us think in our hearts of the devastating suffering endured by each and every one, and of the unbounded, titanic storm by which human conscience has been buffeted everywhere: then we shall feel that there is in the exceptional magnitude itself of the tragedy a kind of desperate excuse and a claim for mutual pardon. Yet if people were to see pardon to be bound up with a triumph of iniquity, it is not forgiveness which would take place, but unbridled revenge. The solution depends on the sense of civic conscience and political morality. It is up to the state to assure just and vigorous sanctions in its own public and political field; at the same time the state should demand citizens to display in the field of individual relationships a heroic effort of forgiveness and mercy.

The French people know that many men who served under Vichy made every effort to save the victims, to help secretly the movements of resistance and to counteract the most shameful deeds of their ruling clique. They know that many others yielded to weakness; and that many others were mistaken or deceived. But they will never forgive the persecutors and tormenters, or those who availed themselves of the blood and torture of their countrymen to satisfy their greed, their ambitions or their hate, to do business with the executioners or to save their vested interests—and who are now preparing for every kind of alibi.

It would be nonsense, furthermore, to think of the task faced by Frenchmen in mere terms of judgment to be passed on individual merits or demerits. This task deals primarily not with individuals, but with the restoration of the freedom of the nation and with the general currents of opinion and will which are to prevail in the nation if the people will really be in a position to judge freely. The problem is to get rid of the "National Revolution" together with the nazi domination. Anything dealing with individuals is but a corollary. Leaving the case of the traitors and of the collaborationist rabble aside, what equity demands is the establishment of a clear definition of the great Vichy offenders, and the reservation of this label for those who assumed leading responsibility in the capitulation, the laws, the policy, the persecutions and the propaganda of the defeat's régime, and for those who, instead of saying: "We have been misled," keep on sticking to the ideology of the "National Revolution."

What honor and public morality require is that no one of these men be allowed to rule the nation and exert political authority. A similar prerequisite is that the new men for whom the nation is waiting do not permit any contagion of the ideology in question to creep into their ranks. On these terms, and on the condition that, when liberation has come, everyone accepts, according to the democratic rule, the decisions freely made by the people and expressed by their vote, irremediable scission and conflict can be avoided. Then the political struggle will undoubtedly be severe and ardent, but national communion will be saved.

JACQUES MARITAIN.

[1] See on this subject of the help to be given to starving countries Dr. Howard E. Kerchner's letter to the New York *Times* (May 21, 1943). Such a document should be carefully noted by everyone concerned with the future of the free peoples and with humanity.

[2] "The World After" by George Shuster, THE COMMONWEAL, July 16, 1943.

Song

Rose ring
Riot thy bell,
Bird sing
Sweetly to tell,
Clear air
Sky me the sun
Ere fair
Evening is won.

Grass green
Gaily thy face,
Tree screen
Secret a place,
Joy prove
Hither thy home,
Cometh my love,
My lover doth come.

KAPPO PHELAN.

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Saint Bernard and Modern Piety

By M. ROBERT

IN THE COMMONWEAL for January 1 of this year, an article appeared on "The Spirit of the Roman Liturgy" by the Reverend H. A. Reinhold. The article was remarkable in many respects. Probably because the writer tried to be brief with a subject that deserves volumes, he became obscure, even confusing on some points. One of his statements is particularly objectionable: Saint Bernard "became the first man to bring us 'modern' piety."

Two reasons, according to the author, make Saint Bernard responsible for modern piety: (1) Saint Bernard, being an innovator, was not a Benedictine of the old school, and did not base his spiritual life on the Roman liturgy; (2) the emotional element so evident in modern piety can be found in Saint Bernard's writings. The conclusion: Saint Bernard is responsible, more or less, for modern piety.

That Saint Bernard exercised a great influence over his contemporaries while alive, and an equal influence after his death by his writings, cannot be denied. The fact is that in the middle ages the writings of no other Father of the Church, with the sole exception of Saint Augustine, were so widely read as those of Saint Bernard. It is equally true that Saint Bernard did contribute something to the spiritual life of the men of his age. That contribution was a strong, tender devotion to the sacred Humanity of Christ. As Felix Vernet says: "Medieval spirituality owes to Saint Bernard that tender devotion to the sacred Humanity of our Lord, by which it is characterized." It is no less true that he promoted tender devotion to the Blessed Virgin, not merely as Mother of God and Queen of Heaven, but as the Mother of Christ and our Mother. This is a distinction to be proud of.

Father Ellard, S.J., in his excellent work, "Christian Life and Worship," Chapter XII, shows that the faithful, as a result of the Christological controversies, lost their hold on Christ as the Bridge-Builder, the Mediator, our Brother. Saint Bernard brought back to the Church this fundamental devotion. Again Father Ellard in the same work (first edition) points out that Alcuin, long before Saint Bernard, made an adaptation of the Roman liturgy in order to fit it to the temperament of the newly-converted Franks. Therefore Saint Bernard, in bringing back devotion to the sacred Humanity of Christ, acted not as an innovator, but as a true son of Saint Benedict, and precisely because he followed the Roman liturgy—rather because he lived the liturgy.

Concerning Saint Bernard's extant sermons, it is to be borne in mind that they were, with but few exceptions, primarily destined for his own monks, men who were thoroughly versed in Holy Scripture and who lived the liturgy to the limit. We must also make the distinction between Saint Bernard liturgist and Saint Bernard stylist. In his sermons we come across, and expect to come across, all the resources of oratory; for according to Dom Mabillion, O.S.B., he was one of the greatest orators of the Church. But all these oratorical devices can be found in practically any great orator, ancient or modern.

It is, in fact, an easy matter to pick what you wish out of the works of any writer, provided he has written much. Max Müller claimed that a primer of atheism could be culled from the works of Cardinal Newman. Yet no one would dream of associating Newman with atheism, of making him an abettor of it.

Saint Augustine was, like Saint Bernard, a great stylist, and very "affectional." Was it not Chesterton who told us that from Saint Augustine Luther got his subjectivism? From sources other than the sermons, we know that Saint Bernard was a man of strong affections. So was Saint Anselm. Abbot Cuthbert Butler, O.S.B., says of both: ". . . Saint Bernard and Saint Anselm were saints, and stand out as strong men in an age when men were strong."

As liturgist, Saint Bernard was Roman to the marrow of his bones. How could a man who had spent eight years in preserving the unity of the Church of Rome against schism, who had defended the faith of the Church of Rome against heresy, and had interested himself in everything that concerned the Church of Rome throughout the length and breadth of Europe—how could such a one be indifferent to the liturgy of Rome? The letter which he wrote to the canons of Lyons on their instituting a feast in honor of the Immaculate Conception without consulting the See of Rome—a letter that has left his own position on the dogma in obscurity—will show how closely he adhered to the liturgy of Rome.

> All this the Church sings of Mary [he had enumerated the teachings of the Church concerning her] and has instructed me to do the same. I am secure in holding and in teaching what I have received from her. But I am very scrupulous in admitting anything I have not received from her.
>
> Do we pretend to surpass our fathers in learning or in devotion? But she is not pleased with such as have presumed without the sanction of the Church to introduce novelty, which is the mother of imprudence, the sister of superstition, and the daughter of levity. . . . For, in any case, if you judged it desirable to institute this feast, it was your duty to consult the Apostolic See, and not follow blindly the example of some simple folk.

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Saint Bernard's chances of innovating on the Roman liturgy were stifled completely by the fact that he was a Cistercian. The Order of Citeaux, founded in 1098, aimed at a literal return to the Rule of Saint Benedict. The new Order's objective is clearly stated by Dom Ursmer Berlière, O.S.B.:

> The program of Citeaux was simple and definite: a return to the letter of the Rule of Saint Benedict, allowing no compromise with customs that had crept in over the course of centuries; then the practice of poverty in daily manual labor; a life of penance consisting in the pure and simple acceptance of the regimen prescribed by Saint Benedict; a life of prayer in the celebration of the liturgical offices, going back to the most perfect simplicity; an interior life in solitude, with no care for any occupation of the intellect other than nourishing the mind with holy reading; absolute abnegation of self, complete sacrifice of the things of the world, total abandonment to God's service; in a word, to leave everything in order to seek God alone—this was the ideal proposed at Citeaux.

That the Cistercians, and Saint Bernard with them, lived up to this program is clear from a letter of Peter Abelard to Saint Bernard. The latter, while visiting a monastery of nuns, found that in the *Pater Noster,* which, according to the Rule of Saint Benedict, should be recited aloud at Lauds and Vespers, they said *"supersubstantialem,"* according to Saint Matthew, instead of *"quotidianum,"* according to Saint Luke. This novelty elicited his prompt condemnation. For his pains he received from Abelard, who had suggested the change, a strong letter, defending the introduction. From defense, Abelard then turns sharply about and opens an attack. For Saint Bernard and his fellow-Cistercians, in returning to the letter of the Rule of Saint Benedict, had to trample upon many a long-standing custom and must have appeared as innovators.

> We see that you yourselves take the same liberty in regard to the Divine Office and are so stubborn that, contrary to the prevailing customs of all churches, you dare to keep and defend it. . . . To mention but a few—you have set aside the ordinary hymns and have introduced others that we do not hear and which are unknown in almost all the churches. Hence, at vigils, throughout the entire year, you are content with one and the same hymn on both ferial and festive days, although the Church varies her hymns, psalms, and other parts of the office according to the different ferial and feast days—a practice that is dictated by sound reason. Wherefore it happens that those who hear you, on Christmas, Easter, or Pentecost, and the other solemnities of the year singing one and the same hymn, "Aeterne reum Conditor," are struck not so much with admiration as with ridicule. The orations that throughout the Church are said after the *Kyrie* and the Lord's prayer, as also the commemorations of the Saints, are completely omitted by you. . . . Another thing, which is remarkable, although all your churches are dedicated to the Mother of God, you make no commemoration of her, nor of the other saints. You have practically excluded all processions. You continue to use *"Alleluia"* during Septuagesima, contrary to the common practice of the Church, retaining it up to Lent. . . . Though all these things excite great admiration, why do you prefer this novelty of yours to the common use of the entire Church? Despite all this you do not swerve from your observance, nor do you care how others murmur against you; because you trust you are acting in accordance with reason as your program of following the Rule obliges you to make a new work out of an old one. Finally, who does not know that in the divine office there are many diverse customs, even amongst the secular clergy? Hold it for certain the old Roman custom of the Roman See is not observed in the very city of Rome itself, except in the Lateran Church.

From all this we must draw one conclusion—that Saint Bernard as a private individual and as a member of the Cistercian Order was absolutely opposed to anything that savored of a change from the traditions of his forefathers, that "modern piety" and Saint Bernard are at antipodes one from another.

Whatever the liturgical influence Saint Bernard exercised on his own and subsequent ages, and it is certain that he did exercise considerable influence, its sources are rooted in Roman liturgy, and the Rule and spirit of Saint Benedict.

Communications

THE WORLD AFTER

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editors: All of us are indebted to Mr. Shuster (and to THE COMMONWEAL) for his recent statement on "The World After" (July 16)—so deeply indebted that one hesitates to inject so much as a dissenting syllable. But it occurs to me that his tribute to Mr. Willkie leaves something to be desired. If Mr. Shuster is limiting his appraisal of Willkie to the field of international relations, well and good. But what of the domestic scene? Millions of Americans now know quite well what Willkie thinks about aid to China, about racial equality in international terms, about the failure of isolationism, etc. But how many know, out of the prophet's mouth, what he thinks about the Smith-Connally Bill, the $25,000 limitation on salaries, the tragic scuttling of the National Resources Planning Board, and a dozen other domestic issues of immediate importance? These are questions which we might reasonably expect to be of primary concern to one who is said "to have brought into American political life . . . a liberal spirit in the great tradition of liberalism," particularly if that gentleman happens to have serious political aspirations.

Mr. Shuster has penned a very telling criticism of "the strange poets who assumed that love would last only if it were not love for somebody in particular." There are some who would suggest that, for all his attractive prosiness, Willkie seems to fit into this class rather nicely.

It may be argued that Willkie's discretion is the better part of political valor. Which, again, is well and good—provided that we have some assurance beforehand that he will throw off this discretion if and when he is elected to office. I find it difficult to muster up such assurance.

I conclude with a pertinent editorial comment from the *New Leader*: "He [Willkie] talks long about foreign affairs with regard to which rainbow generalities serve

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his purpose. He maintains a discreet silence with regard to knotty domestic mix-ups on which he would have to talk hard sense . . . the *New Leader* applauds Mr. Willkie as traveling salesman for lofty ideals, but harbors sharp suspicions of him as an aspiring candidate." (July 10.)

REV. GEORGE G. HIGGINS.

The Screen

It Tolls—But Not for Me

NO DOUBT the most discussed film of the season will be *"For Whom the Bell Tolls,"* "Mission to Moscow" notwithstanding. For even the "Mission," with all its political controversy, will have difficulty competing with the Cooper-Bergman sleepingbag combination.

The main point in connection with the film that I found most difficult to understand goes back to 1940 when Paramount bought the Hemingway novel: why should anyone consider this story subject matter for cinema? After seeing the picture, I can only repeat the question. Dudley Nichols, one of Hollywood's outstanding writers, wrote the screenplay; and the best and worst that can be said of it is that it is a literal translation of the novel, just as if Nichols in his reverence for Hemingway was afraid to tamper with the original. He wisely cut out Hemingway's use of the word "obscenity" and toned down a few of the speeches, especially those connected with the romantic interludes in and out of the sleeping bag; but much of this "adults-only" script is lifted right from the novel and some of it is so true to the book that it seems as if Gary Cooper is going to sweat before the camera every drop that Robert Jordan exuded in the book. There are endless amounts of talk, bickering, name calling and exposition.

Producer-director Sam Wood, who has given us several first rate films, is mainly responsible for the failure of this pretentious effort. He has forgotten that the novel and film are two widely different media, that the characters in a novel can stand around and talk but in a movie the camera must tell the story, and above all a moving picture must move. Most of "For Whom the Bell Tolls" is static, talky and dull, and its three hours seem endless. But when the camera does record action, the film comes vividly to life. The picture's high points are the story about the Republicans' slaughter of the fascists (which Pilár relates as the camera shows us the mob's savagery), the battle in the snow when the Nationalists attack El Sordo and his men, and finally the much-delayed destruction of the bridge. Unfortunately in this last episode Director Wood stretches the suspense so tensely and for so long that one grows impatient with the whole proceeding.

As the readers of the novel know (and a great many other people too, for the book has sold some five million copies and was discussed widely not only for its political implications but also for its sensationally lurid aspects) the story is built around Robert Jordan, an American instructor who felt impelled to fight for the Republican cause in Spain in 1937. He is assigned to dynamite a cer-

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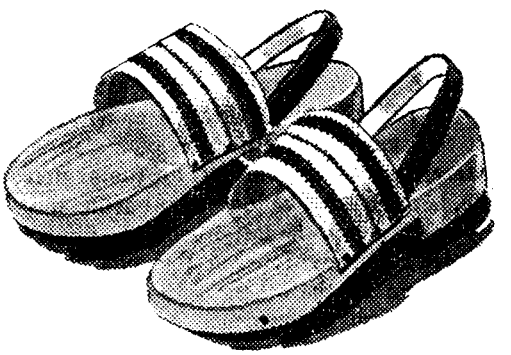

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tain bridge at the exact hour of the beginning of an attack to be made by the Republicans. Assisted, and in one case definitely hindered, by a group of Spanish guerrilla fighters in the mountains behind the enemy's lines, Jordan finally succeeds in demolishing the bridge, but not before he fails to warns the Republican general that the enemy is aware of the planned attack. This note of pessimism, failure, frustration recurs frequently throughout the film. Pilár reads disaster in Jordan's hand at the beginning; the guerrillas quarrel continuously among themselves; bungling among the Republicans prevents Jordan's note from reaching the General until too late; Jordan himself is left to die in the finale. Against this background of war and destruction there is portrayed a brief and passionate love affair between Jordan and Maria, a Spanish girl who was orphaned and raped by the Nationalists, and later befriended by the Republican guerrillas.

If the story is unduly skimpy for such a long film, the same cannot be said of the characterizations. Although these lack growth as the picture progresses, they are well established in the beginning and are put over through some fine acting. Gary Cooper, as the only American in the plot, is rather impassive. I should have preferred less charm and more determination; but he certainly looks like the Robert Jordan of the book. Of Ingrid Bergman, it must be said that she is beautiful and that she tries desperately hard to be Maria. It is not her fault that the rôle requires little more than a series of close-ups. In these, she is a shade more healthy and smilingly toothsome than the ravished Maria I had visualized. The film's best characterizations are the Spanish guerrillas. Pablo (Akim Tamiroff), the leader of the band who vacillates between helping Jordan and the Republic and fighting for his own selfish gains, represents the film's closest approach to a villain and the symbol of war's degrading effect on man. From the brutal but strong killer who leads the attack on the fascists in Pilár's story, he degenerates to the mean coward who ruthlessly kills three men, who fought with him, just to insure the safety of his own clan. Excellent performances are turned in by Fortunio Bonanova as Fernando, Arturo de Cordova as Agustin and Mikhail Rasumny as the gypsy, the latter being the film's only (but much needed) comedy relief. The one character that stands out from all the others is that of Pilár. This is due to the superb performance of the Greek actress, Katina Paxinous, and to the strong quality of the character as created by Hemingway. Pilár is Pablo's woman, but it is she who dominates and bosses his band of guerrillas. Ugly, earthy, powerful, she is cinema's modern version of Lady Macbeth or Madame Defarge. Even Director Wood's technique of using too many closeups of all his characters could not destroy interest in this fiery pillar of zeal.

These repeated closeup are one of the causes of the film's slow pace. Another is the use of technicolor which in most scenes is only pretty and does little to aid the picture's motion. The scenery, which is magnificent (except for a few appallingly bad painted sets) would have been just as exciting in black and white.

In spite of the novel's literal transcription to the screen, the political ideology of Ernest Hemingway's book gets lost in the shuffle. Jordan makes the statement that Spain is a proving ground for the fascist nations; he adds that the Spaniards are caught in the middle between the Germans and Italians on one side and the Russians on the other. Franco is not mentioned. If the Spaniards come through at all in the film, they emerge as viciously cruel people who are vague as to what the fight's all about. If any of these Spaniards are Catholic, we have no indication of their faith.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Editors' Choice

UNDER COVER. *John Roy Carlson. Dutton.* $3.50.

THE CENTURY OF THE COMMON MAN. *Henry A. Wallace. Reynal.* $1.50 *cloth;* $.75 *paper.*

Private Espionage

"JOHN ROY CARLSON" is the pseudonym for an American citizen of Armenian birth and parentage who also operated for four years as "George Pagnanelli." We are not informed of his true name—for obvious reasons. Mr. Pagnanelli specialized in becoming a member of every "fascist" anti-democratic organization he could unearth during the years immediately before and after Pearl Harbor. He not only became a member of these various societies, but tried to meet the people who ran them and himself conducted a mimeographed newsletter following the same general "party line." His purpose was to acquire firsthand information on this movement in all its ramifications, with the idea both of exposing it to the public and of reporting its subversive activities to competent authorities. "Under Cover" is what he calls the book he has written summarizing his findings.

This is not an easy book to read, even though much of the material it contains is reasonably exciting. Armenians are Orientals, and Orientals—especially from the Near East—have a reputation for loquacity. Mr. Carlson-Pagnanelli lives up to this reputation. We hear that his notes are even more voluminous than his book; we know that his book could have done with drastic cutting, and would have been the better for it. Yet it is a useful book, and one which thoughtful Americans should read, even if their patience is exhausted before they reach its ultimate page. Luckily you don't have to read it through in order to understand its message and moral.

There is a sort of personal self-esteem which keeps normal Americans from admitting the dangers latent in such activities as "Under Cover" describes. We simply cannot face the fact that any large number of our fellow citizens have so little common sense and decency as to be seriously affected by bare-faced lying and blatant vituperation. We feel that such things spring only from "idiot fringes" and not from any deep-seated or widespread feeling in the hearts of our people. Yet we must admit that most sensible Germans took this same attitude toward Hitler and the nazis, and we must admit that they were deceived. The only safe thing for us to do is to avoid the deception by knowing the enemy and knowing the truth, and by not minimizing what this enemy can do.

Mr. Carlson puts his finger squarely on the nature of this enemy and on the disease which infests him, no matter what form he assumes socially or politically or economically. This enemy is hate. Hate in any form, and of

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any group of persons, or of a single person, has two consequences. It remarkably denatures the hater, and it proves a sort of universal solvent. If you hate the British while I hate the Jews, we have our hatred in common in a way which is never true of love. To say this is to say that hate destroys logic and the reason, whereas love nourishes logic and reason, or else has no effect upon them—in any case it never destroys them. Presumably we touch here upon the profound psychological reason why hatred of persons is a sin. It is a sin equivalent to the sin of suicide, or of deliberate debauchery of the talents God has given you. For it works like debauchery, whereas love nourishes.

The common element in all Mr. Pagnanelli's friends is hate. They do not all hate the same things, although the things they hate overlap. Some of their hates are contradictory. Yet so powerful is the effect of hate as a solvent that it can even overcome contradictions. Men who hate the Japs because they are yellow and men whose hatred of democracy is such that they will declare they admire the Japs can actually work together, because they are tied together by hate. We saw this in Germany also. Nazi extremists who, in their hatred of capitalism, were far from anti-Soviet played ball joyfully with more conservative nazis to whom the very word Bolshevik was anathema.

"Under Cover" is marred by occasional minor inaccuracies, but so far as it is possible for anyone who has not done private espionage to check it, it rings true. We know a few of the people it describes; its description of those we know seems fair and truthful; we may infer that the rest is likewise fair and truthful. You owe it to yourself to spend an hour or two going through the gruesome record.

Idealist Goes to Washington

A FEW years ago there was a movie called "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington" that managed to be not only amusing and exciting, but even uplifting. It was about a young politically ignorant scoutmaster type (Jimmy Stewart) who somehow got to be a Senator, went to Washington and ran smackdab into Corruption, with highly dramatic results. Henry Wallace, whose major speeches have just been published under the title "The Century of the Common Man," is not exactly young nor ignorant nor an ex-scoutmaster nor blessed with the "it" of Jimmy Stewart, but he does remind one strongly of the same type: the tousle-haired idealist who can never quite adjust himself to the world of politics and politicians. Witness, after ten years in Washington, his recent lamentable spat with Jesse Jones and the consequent loss of his well-done job as head of the Board of Economic Warfare.

This is really too bad, because there can be little doubt that Wallace is one of the very best men in the American government. He has brains, ability, moral integrity of a high order, and an apparently genuine feeling for the ethical and social principles of Christianity. It is true that occasionally he will come out with quite meaningless statements, like "Russia, perceiving some of the abuses of excessive political democracy, has placed strong emphasis on economic democracy," which, "carried to an extreme, demands that all power be centered in one man and his bureaucratic helpers." But he has said some other very sensible things about Russia and about nearly every other modern issue—labor, capitalism, socialism, fascism, trade agreements, farmers, world government, racial justice, etc.—by which we mean, of course, that he usually agrees with us.

Some people will say that well, it's inevitable that the idealist should be a bad politician. But is that actually true? President Roosevelt, though perhaps not as pure an idealist as his vice-president, is still pretty "cosmic" for some tastes, and certainly he should pass as a fair politician until a better one comes along.

The fact is that there has been a lot of very sloppy thinking about the art of politics. Most people tend to think of it as exclusively a business of back-scratching, log-rolling, bribe-taking, deal-making and other assorted activities of a dubious nature. True enough, this is one kind of politics that has been altogether too popular, but there is another *ars politica* which is concerned not only with the broad concepts of justice and law, but also with the narrow, detailed headaches of just how to persuade So-and-So to go along with such a policy or how to get Whosis to work together with Thingumbob. It is a comparatively easy matter to have noble thoughts about mankind. It is a very different and difficult story to translate those thoughts into reality through all the intricate, complex, obtuse, resisting and altogether maddening obstacles set up by the unyielding substance of human nature.

But even so we are not quite fair. It is easy to have noble thoughts, but it is not so easy to cling to them through ten years of Washington and to go on expressing them with eloquence. It is so unusual to hear the Works of Mercy out of the mouth of a high-placed politician that we cannot resist quoting:

> The gospel of Christ was to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, comfort the sick, and visit those who were in hard luck. He said that treating your neighbor decently was the way to show that you love God. The neighborhood

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> in Christ's day was a few miles in diameter. Today the airplane has made the whole world a neighborhood. The Good Neighbor policy, whether at home or abroad, is a Christian policy. Those who preach isolationism and hate of other nations are preaching a modified form of Prussian nazism, and the only outcome of such preaching will be war.

And as a matter of fact, Wallace isn't as politically *gauche* as we might lead you to believe. Besides which, THE COMMONWEAL is the only magazine that rates a mention in "The Century of the Common Man." It *must* be a good book.

More Books of the Week

The Anatomy of Nonsense. Yvor Winters. New Directions. $3.00.

THIS is an important and needed book, though I do not imagine it will be much read save by the relatively few who admire or cordially dislike the targets of the author's aim—Henry Adams, T. S. Eliot, Wallace Stevens and John Crowe Ransom (another poet). Mr. Winters writes of such things as historians and poets, all caviare to the multitude, with much ease, wit and illumination. Hence at a time when such matters are discussed with a malignant pedantry and a special jargon that would astonish a nominalist philosopher of the twelfth century, he is not likely to acquire a large or adoring public.

Henry Adams is considered here the principal creator of that contemporary moral confusion Mr. Winters deplores even in Mr. T. S. Eliot, who certainly regards himself as anything but confused. Adams was a Bostonian, growing up at a moment when, in his own ironic phrase, Boston had "solved the universe." "Harvard kept us shallow." He could not tell his students there that history glows with social virtue; the biology professor was not interested in social virtue. Though he might have liked to dwell on the glories of the Church and those of medieval art, the regular church history professor abhorred the Church, and didn't know the difference between a Byzantine ivory and a Donatello. Having brilliantly summarized Adams, the author turns on the great Adams theory of the thirteenth century as a golden age of piety, social justice and stained glass. He has very little difficulty in demonstrating that the piety, and all the rest of it, was the product of a relatively small class. Neither the baron nor the peasant was a really religious being, if the word have any meaning. The religion of the former mainly consisted in killing Jews and Moslems; that of the peasant in fleeing from the church porch to ancient fertility cults, then called witchcraft, in the company of the Old Man of the Forest. As for art, the last period of the Paleolithic Age, was, similarly, very rich. I merely question Mr. Winters's contention that the poor were essentially worse treated in the middle ages than during the nineteenth, or even the twentieth century. From the standpoint of the soul's dignity, I should say not; and from the physical standpoint, I think they are treated worse now, especially when they are black. In summary, however, I believe, with Mr. Winters, that the Adams vision of the middle ages, as adopted by Eliot, is an expression of the romantic spirit.

Despite the sad psychologic interest attached to Adams, one cannot help thinking that Eliot is the most significant figure among those treated by Mr. Winters. He is often a very great poet, perhaps the most important English poet of our generation. But he stands, rather vacillatingly, between the two seats of a native romanticism and a Catholic classicism, only recently adopted, and partly capricious. His prevailing poetic mood is that *accidia,* so close to the *maladie de siècle* patented by Musset, which the medievals dreaded as a deadly sin because it killed the soul. The note is present in "Gerontion," in the "Waste Land," and (so far as I can judge from several quotations) in his recent "Four Quartets." In short, as Mr. Winters puts it, he is able to enjoy at once the romantic debauch in his verse, and preaching against it later in his prose.

In his concluding essay, Mr. Winters pays his respects to those popular whipping boys, the professors of literature. Or rather he takes away with one hand what he restores with the other. The university may again be the home of the human spirit, as in the time of Abélard and Aquinas. On the other hand, the average professor today is cursed by his mania for being a specialist, and also by a stupifying ignorance of all the radiations even of his own subject. Mr. Winters knew one great authority on Poe, for instance, who was almost unacquainted with Baudelaire or the symbolists. That is highly significant. When one considers that both Poe and Baudelaire had a truly Manichean, if not Christian, conception and philosophy of evil; and that the average pedagogue's conception of evil is to curl up with a copy of "Ulysses" and a quart of domestic gin, the significance becomes even more obvious.

CUTHBERT WRIGHT.

The Fighting French. Raoul Aglion. Holt. $3.00.

THE AUTHOR, authority on French law, is a member of the staff of the Foreign Office of the French National Committee. Stationed in Syria when France fell, he was among the first to resign from the diplomatic service, head for Egypt and heed the call of General de Gaulle. His book is authoritative, reserved yet dramatic, without trace of rancor, giving credit where it is due. It tells the origin of Fighting France and includes basic documents which should be better known.

The opening chapter makes the reader feel the uncertainty, the desperation of Frenchmen in the colonies around the time of the armistice. News was garbled, contradictory, slow to come. No one knew what was happening. Then it came. It was not possible, but it was true. The old France was dead. A government "conceived in defeat and perpetuated in deceit" was groveling before the conqueror. Two days later France was reborn. The action and words of de Gaulle had done it. Few heard him at first, for he spoke on a moment's notice. But he persisted and the world learned there was a rallying point for fighting Frenchmen.

Even then all was not black or white. Few thought England would survive. Most, in France, believed Pétain would outsmart the nazis. What could one do? Each man searched his own soul. Then they came. For the general who had foreseen the war and its nature was telling them it was a world war, a war of ideas; that all was not lost; that they could fight on. General de Gaulle had crystalized the struggle against appeasement, defeatism, collaboration—ills which debilitated Western society between two wars. He had shown the evil of accepting the victory and the values of the conqueror. Thus was France reborn.

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The struggle within France just before the armistice, the narrow margin by which collaboration won, the repetition of the struggle in each colony, are strikingly told. The cold courage and ingenuity of those who escaped to freedom is an epic tale which will lift men's hearts everywhere. The gradual disillusionment of the people inside France and the cooperation of all factions in building up underground resistance to Vichy decrees as well as to the nazis are told without heroics. But the facts bode well for the future. Fighting France was built up slowly under many difficulties. But its army, navy and air force have taken part in nearly every battle. Now they grow stronger while the people of France stand poised to strike when the time comes.

The landing in North Africa introduced a new phase. At last the Fighting French and the rebuilt army of Giraud are on the same side. The remaining problem is the introduction of democracy to North Africa—for it had been thoroughly Vichyfied in the interim—and the restoration of the French Republic. These are Frenchmen's problems. The author's fairness and deep love of country are strikingly apparent in his treatment of this part. But he would be untrue to his leader and to himself if, at the end, he did not give special honor to the man, de Gaulle, who more than any other human being made the new France possible.

WILLIAM AGAR.

Burma Surgeon. Gordon S. Seagrave. Norton. $3.00.

LIEUTENANT COLONEL Gordon S. Seagrave, M.C., was born in Burma, the son, the grand-son, the great-grand-son of Baptist missionaries. He, a medical missionary (Hopkins), proved more medical than missionary; more surgical, perhaps, then medical; more pioneer, perhaps, than anything. In twenty years after succeeding to a dirty bamboo barrack he had made that part of Northern Burma flower like a (medical) garden. The book describes in staccato journalese these glorious years between the dustheap and the Japanese bombs.

After the exodus: "The last time I saw General Stilwell, I told him we all hoped that when new action developed against the Japs he would save out the meanest, nastiest task for us. The general turned on me like a flash with a real sparkle in his eye.

"'I certainly promise you that,' he said."

So it goes, rattle-ti-bang! A story of loyalties, endless devoted work, cheerfulness and song.

EDWARD L. KEYES.

The Year of Decision: 1846. Bernard De Voto. Little. $3.50.

OF ALL the history books of the season, Mr. De Voto's effort is easily the most heroic, calling as it does for an almost inhuman courage on the part of the reader. Advertised as an interpretation of the westward expansion of the United States, with particular emphasis on the Mexican War, "The Year of Decision" is really nothing but 500 fine printed pages of undigested facts, pretentious theories and irrelevant poetic quotations.

Mr. De Voto is a mystic in the Middle Western sense. In other words he is under the delusion that he is gifted with a poetic insight into the nature of history and no longer needs to understand any of the material he uses. Someone should put Mr. De Voto wise to the fact that mentioning the name of Herman Melville can't make an unreadable chapter readable.

"Shines like a new Sword"

Dr. Oliver St. John Gogarty once said, speaking of the English and the fact that much of their literature nowadays is written by Irishmen, "They stuck the language down our throats. Now we could strangle them with it, if we wanted to."

There are times when this boast seems true, for certainly the Irish, ever hungry for a weapon of articulation, have whetted the blade of their step-language against the bright, hard stone of their imagination until it shines like a new sword. When it was drawn from such scabbards as Yeats and Joyce it seemed almost to have the magic of Excalibur.

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Robert Farren's poetry is an excellent example of what English becomes in the hands of the Irish. He has written some seventy poems, many of them exquisite lyrics, which tell the story of Colmcille, also known as St. Columba. Colmcille was the great Irish saint who came after Patrick, who lived in Derry, continued the fight against paganism, was familiar with angels, and went to Scotland in exile for penance, after stirring up a war between his people and Ireland's king.

This story Robert Farren tells with imagination, understanding, tenderness and a mastery over words which makes them light up his thoughts as the tapers at Droma Finn illuminated the Vulgate for Colmcille while he copied it in the night. English becomes an Irish language as he uses it to tell his people's epic in

"words that have crept down time on rungs
of country cailleachs' tongues, unchanged,
flushing with flame the smoke that clung
around a race's heritage."

—Quoted from Thomas Sugrue's review in the NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW of Robert Farren's THIS MAN WAS IRELAND: The Story of Colmcille. Price $3.00.

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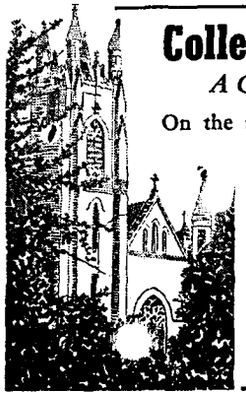

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Some of the time, especially when he is arguing against any economic interpretation of history, Mr. De Voto sounds like an anxious applicant for a Ph.D. degree. But most of the time he is just a plain bore.

A Dynamic Capitalism. C. William Hazelett. Harper. $2.50.

MR. HAZELETT is an engineer and a fanatic on something he calls "incentive taxation." Being an engineer, he is tremendously arrogant about the ability of engineers to run the world properly and the inability of non-engineers to make anything but a mess of it. Being a fanatic, he is convinced that everything will be just ducky if only this one idea is put into effect.

Actually, the idea seems to be sound, though Mr. Hazelett is by no means the first to propose it. The plan is to force all idle money into circulation through the threat of taxation, in this case 2 percent of cash balances in excess of $300 for each turnover less than 8. Whether this is a workable plan we do not know. If workable, it would certainly have valuable effects, but certainly not the fantastically miraculous effects Mr. Hazelett claims for it. We still think an even smarter idea is to prevent the balances from accumulating in the first place by means of a proper regulation and balance as between prices, profits and wages.

A Handbook for Nurse's Aides. Katherine Orbison. Devin. $2.00.

THE simple and copious illustrations throughout this modest volume make it an even more useful handbook. Its publication was badly needed.

The Chicago Tribune: Its First Hundred Years, Volume I (1847-1865). *Philip Kinsley. Knopf.* $5.00.

ALTHOUGH the Chicago *Tribune* has never been an anemic newspaper, its official history is almost as robust as a pressed flower. Philip Kinsley, the *Tribune* reporter responsible for the job, doesn't dare suggest that any of the early editors had any answer to any problem. Professor Strevey of Northwestern, the nationally known authority on Joseph Medill, ought to have been allowed to take over Kinsley's duties. Strevey might have brought Medill, Bross, White and the other builders of the *Tribune* back to life.

Anyone who wants to find out anything about the Chicago *Tribune* in the Civil War is advised to look up Strevey's thesis on the subject.

They Also Ran: The Story of the Men Who Were Defeated for the Presidency. Irving Stone. Doubleday. $3.50.

IF IRVING STONE had taken the trouble to make a serious investigation of Horace Greeley's candidacy, he would have discovered that Horace White, not Joseph Medill, was the editor-in-chief of the Chicago *Tribune* in the year that newspaper backed Greeley for president. But nothing whatever is gained by asking Irving Stone to be profound and precise. He is, after all, one of the few American historians who can turn out a breezy and readable book.

Perhaps he is as reliable as he ought to be. He is never dull, and he does remind us in "They Also Ran" that we have forgotten or never learned much that we ought to know about our past.

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The Inner Forum

Something New in Chicago

A FOUR-PAGE tabloid called *Work* announced last week the formation in Chicago of a new organization, the Catholic Labor Alliance. The aims of the Alliance, which have been approved and blessed by Archbishop Stritch, are to work in the field of industrial relations toward a more Christian society, and with this end in view (in Pius XII's words) "to unite and collaborate toward the renewal of society in spirit and truth" with all those "who are united with us at least by the bond of faith in God . . . and who would be free from doubt or error . . . and desire light and guidance."

Consequently, the Alliance offers membership to all Jews and Protestants, as well as Catholics, who can subscribe to the principles of social reform laid down in Leo XIII's Rerum Novarum and Pius XI's Quadragesimo Anno. Founders of the Alliance acknowledge that they have drawn much of their inspiration from the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists, and like the ACTU they "have no political aspirations," are "not forming a third party labor movement" and intend to "assist and cooperate with honest union leadership everywhere."

Membership in the Catholic Labor Alliance is not confined to union members, but will be open to all those, even including employers, who are "convinced that the organization of workers is still the paramount requisite for industrial peace." The CLA furthermore makes no bones of the fact that it is "definitely aligned with the interests and problems of workers." Nevertheless, it believes that "the best interests of both capital and labor are served by a mutual recognition of each other's rights, as a basis for cooperation and industrial progress."

In order to push this program the Alliance will publish a monthly newspaper, the aforementioned *Work*, "a paper for all who work for a living," and will sponsor a labor school to educate workers. In its first issue *Work* also comes out for an interracial council in Chicago similar to those in Eastern cities, abolition of the poll tax and Oriental Exclusion Acts, granting of equal rights to white and Negro alike. Other articles in the paper defend the CIO union at Montgomery Ward's, urge support of the AFL campaign to organize the famous open-shop, anti-labor Donnelley's printing plant, oppose employment of mothers in war plants except as a last resort, criticize recent state labor laws, report Pius XII's address to Italian workers on social revolution. No editors or officers are listed, but offices of *Work* are at 3 East Chicago Avenue, Chicago, and subscriptions are $1.00 a year.

CONTRIBUTORS

Francis DOWNING is assistant Educational Director for the United Auto Workers Union.
Jacques MARITAIN has just published "The Rights of Man and the Natural Law" and "Twilight of Civilization."
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William AGAR is Educational Director at Freedom House, New York City.
Edward L. KEYES, one of the founders of THE COMMONWEAL, frequently contributes articles and book reviews.

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